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FOR THE

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA FOR HEATHEN LANDS

OCTOBER, 1902

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

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Address MISSIONARY LINK, 67 Bible House, New York.

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The "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands" was organized in November, 1860, and incorporated in New York, February 1, 1861.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the "**Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands,**" *incorporated in the City of New York, February 1, 1861, the sum of* *to be applied to the Missionary purposes of said Society.*

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

VOL. XXXIII. OCTOBER, 1902. NO. 10.

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

This Society was organized in 1860, and is the pioneer of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in this country.

It is undenominational, and so it presents a united Christian front to the heathen world.

It is carried on entirely by women, with unsalaried officers.

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

THE distinguished Oriental scholar, R. C. Caldwell, is authority for stating that "India is the most thickly populated country in the world to which the census has yet been applied." He founds his opinion on the fact that no census of China has ever been taken, notwithstanding that it has been considered the most populous country on the globe.

HINDU ladies have made a wonderful step in advance when we hear of a lecture given in a public hall in Bombay. The lecturer was Mrs. Hardevi Roshan Lal, who is the editor of the *Bharat Bhagini*, published in Lahore, and her subject, "The Condition of Hindu Widows, and the Practical Means of Improving It." Mrs. Madhavadas Raghunathdas presided, whose husband is prominently identified with the movement for the amelioration of the condition of Hindu widows. Ten Hindu ladies spoke at the meeting with ease, self-possession, and dignity.

THE Medical School for Native Women at Ludhiana, India, although only six years old, has sent out twenty-seven students to seven missions. "The students are taught by women, study apart from Hindu and Mohammedan male students, and receive their clinical instruction in a hospital for women." It will be remembered that Harriet, one of our own orphan girls, and now a helper in our Jhansi Hospital, was educated there.

AT a prize distribution of a girls' school in Madras, Mrs. R. S. Benson made an address before Hindu gentlemen, in which she said: "When you realize that there are over 26,000 Hindu girls in Madras, and only 6,003 of these are under instruction, you will acknowledge that it is not a time to sit down quietly. It requires the best intelligence to bring up children well, to be truthful, obedient, and physically and morally well developed. Until you have schools for them, officered entirely by women teachers, and allow the girls to remain longer at school, you cannot hope for the best results."

A FINE edition of the *Thibetan Gospels* has been issued from printing works at Ghoom, near Darjeeling, in the Himalayan Mountains, under the auspices of the Moravian Church. Although Thibet is still a land jealously guarded against foreign influence, these Gospels are sold on the frontiers to Thibetan traders, and thus the seed of eternal life is sown broadcast.

AN Indian exchange states that the Maharaja of Jeypur carried in his visit to England "the famed image of Shri Gobind Jin," hoary with the tradition of ages, which has been the old family god of great sanctity worshipped for generations. Of the six kitchens which had been fitted up on the S.S. *Olympia*, one was for this family deity.

IN Burma, last year, there were 336 schools, solely for girls, with an attendance of 8,582 while 26,201 girls attended boys' schools, and private schools.

IN EASTERN LANDS

INDIA—JHANSI.

PILGRIMS TO MECCA.

By Miss S. D. Doremus.

IT will be remembered by our readers that during my first introduction to a zenana, that of the Deputy Collector of Jhansi, the all-engrossing topic of conversation was an approaching pilgrimage of two years to Mecca, when a warm invitation to meet the party was extended. Not long after, word was sent that the fifteen relatives who had come from a distance had arrived and awaited my visit.

The women's apartments, circumscribed and barren as they were, presented a gay scene, as every visitor was arrayed in a gorgeous Mohammedan costume of brilliant hues, which differs from that of any other nationality in India, and by no means is as delicate and graceful as that of the Hindus. The wife of the Deputy Collector was striking, in purple satin *pyjamas*, finished at the bottom with gold bands, and a tight-fitting short-sleeved jacket of yellow silk, over which was draped in a graceful manner folds of gauze of a deeper shade with a broad gold border. Massive bracelets adorned the arms and wrists connected by gold chains, and enormous golden hoops, studded with pearls, covered the ears, pierced in five places on the rim. Heavy anklets and toe-rings, which raised the front of the foot high from the ground, completed the elaborate adornments.

She appeared the smiling hostess, proud to introduce her attractive relatives, arrayed in a similar style, varied only in color and trimming. All were most friendly in their greetings, evidently delighted to meet strangers from a distant land, whose fame had filled their minds with curiosity and wonder. At my request to see the travelling costume, two young women quickly arrayed themselves for my benefit. One was of black serge, and the other dark blue, a long, loose garment completely enveloping the figure from head to foot. To this was attached a head-piece, a thin square, woven in a graceful pattern, forming a veil before the face. The women were nothing loth in allowing me to try on the veil, which, seemingly so impervious to light as to completely conceal the face, permitted the wearer to observe distinctly every passing object. One woman showed with great pride a short black horse-hair square for the face, woven in a similar manner to the veils, and fringed on the edge, which she had worn on a former pilgrimage. I could but think of the revelation to be made through these veils to women whose horizon had hitherto been so limited, and wondered if travel would mean to them what it does to us in expansion of ideas and development of imagination and mind.

The interesting group were mainly young, with eyes fairly dancing with delight like children over the novel scenes they were so soon to enjoy, and freedom from the dull routine of their aimless, vacuous lives. As I scanned the merry party of women chattering so freely of anticipations, an Aunt, the eldest of all attracted my notice, seemingly too old and feeble to brave the perils of the way. Her face, with its delicate, cameo-cut features, was worn and hollow-cheeked, and her white hair in front was dyed red, denoting that she had already made this pilgrimage twice before. Her expression haunts me now, as I recall her stately presence, so wistful and yearning, as if the ardent desire of her life had never been attained, and her soul was hungering still for the intangible.

Questions regarding the journey were eagerly answered. The party was under the escort of a young nephew or cousin, who, although making every needful arrangement for rapid and safe travel, was not allowed to see the party unveiled. Then transpired the announcement that during the visit of the relatives, the Deputy Collector could not even speak to his wife, much less enter her apartment. Great was the journey for experienced travellers, let alone timid women whose whole world had been bounded by the bare walls of a zenana opening on a dull court, with no beauty to attract, nor incident to enliven it, save the gossip of low-born attendants.

First would come the rapid railroad, with its close, carefully locked compartments, dashing past villages teeming with life, or limitless plains bordered by mountains, with here and there walled cities with sumptuous decorations and carvings seen only in the Orient. Having passed through that very journey, I could well appreciate their wonderment at wayside stations, when timid

glances would be given to the venders of various wares crowding about the car-windows. Here fruit merchants with mangoes and guavas for sale, so tempting to an oriental appetite; there toys of crude manufacture, daubed with gaudy colors, or gay textile fabrics woven in hand looms, so popular in every humble home.

Then Bombay, that marvellous city of contrasts is reached, and, passing through crowded streets with wretched native huts filling spaces between the marvels of Eastern and European architecture, the picturesque harbor, with countless steamers and crafts of every description riding at anchor, lies before them. Here begins the weary ocean voyage, trying to veterans who have made it countless times, but we will hope beautified to these novices by splendors of a tropical moon and stars. Aden, with its dark, forbidding cliffs opens Arabia to them, and then comes the long camel-ride, until Mecca the inspiration and desire of all devout Mohammedans, looms in the distance. Here a hired house awaits them, thronged with needed attendants, for the pilgrimage is to last two years. This time is to be spent in the sacred city in devotion, paying of vows, and processions about the walls where the holy Caaba is embedded, the stone on which tradition places the last footprint of their great prophet, Mahomet. Some of this little company of pilgrims were making this toilsome journey in fulfilment of vows, or expiation of sins, but all were evoking especial blessings on themselves and those dear to them.

Fancy these ever-varying, shifting scenes, attractive to the eye of any world-tourist,—what would they mean to a Mohammedan woman who knew nothing of the glories of nature, even from the printed page which her ignorance debarred her from enjoying! Think of this, dear favored daughters of Christian lands, for whom life has been an endless panorama of light and shade, as the beautiful world has expanded on your vision! Would it not be like a breath of exhilarating air on some glorious mountain top, or a draught of the very elixir of life!

After the journey had been portrayed in glowing anticipations, one of our missionaries proposed to sing some of our hymns set to Urdu words, the language used by Mohammedans. One after another was called for and listened to with nods of approval or smiles of satisfaction, until one plaintive strain set forth the sacrifice of our Divine Redeemer, and His power to remove all burdens and wipe away all sins. The little company, too polite to criticise and loth to mar the pleasure of a friendly visit considered as high honor, listened with downcast eyes, and perhaps a frown flitted quickly over the hitherto impassive brow. We who listened and looked on, could do nothing but lift our hearts in silent prayer, that a ray of true light might reach these darkened souls, struggling through blind fanaticism for the rest no false religion could ever give.

Often while in India did the contrast between Mohammedans and Hindus strike painfully on my heart, and little did I wonder at the undying hatred between them. One looks at a Mohammedan mosque crowded with worshippers of Allah, their one impersonation of the Deity, kneeling on marble pavements, where places are marked for every devotee, and during certain ceremonies and prayers bowing in serried ranks with the precision and regularity of soldiers on drill. Everything, even the texts from the Koran engraved on the walls, suggests order and decorum in worship, and an attempt at a purer faith.

Turning, then, to the Hindu temples dedicated to millions of gods, with their grotesque and hideous representations in painting and sculpture, emphasized in a frightful manner in the shrine of Kali the goddess of vengeance, reeking with blood, one meets everywhere disorder and filth. Even amid the booths of flowers for decorating the idols, or grain to be offered as a peace sacrifice, we fold the garment closely about us, and draw cautiously a breath in an atmosphere filled with demoralization and debasement unspeakable.

And the Master's searching comment on character and life presses with singular conviction, even while one is noting the contrast, "By their fruits ye shall know them." We know that no nation rises higher than its women, and to the door of the Mohammedan must we lay the circumscribed environment of the zenana, a custom which the conquerors of Islam in 1001 A.D. imposed on the Hindus, with all the frightful abuses which have grown up about it. Dwarfed by rigid rules tending to rob women of their rightful position, designed by the

Great Creator for the mothers of future generations, no wonder that the nation is oppressive and intolerant.

Our missionaries tell us that the adherents of no religion are so difficult to convert as the Mohammedans. Encased in an armor of pride and fanaticism, realising that their power has grown by conquest, the same spirit dominates them as of yore, when the heathen were to be exterminated without mercy. As one looks at the symbolical hand to be found in their buildings, one recalls that one hundred and eighty millions call out the doctrines of their faith on the five fingers of the outstretched palm: prayer, almsgiving, fasting, pilgrimage, and war. To Jews and Christians alike was given the choice of the Koran, death or tribute, a price being set on the exercise of their religion should they refuse to say, "Allah is God and Mahomet is His prophet."

Long shall I remember these charming, friendly pilgrims to Mecca to whom a new life was to open, and often have I wondered if by any means they have found the uplift which they were seeking, and if the future would brighten into a new dawn for their souls.

GROWING.

By Dr. Alice L. Ernst.

THE work is steadily growing; the number of patients seen at the Dispensary daily almost never falls below sixty and rises to eighty-six. Many of our fourteen patients in the Ward are very ill, among them three women who came in one party. As there was reason to believe they were strangers, we feared they might be refugees from some plague-infected district, and suffering from it in its pneumonic form. The conflicting accounts they gave of themselves still further increased our fears. They were very ill and wanted to stay in the Hospital, so we decided to put them in our little contagious house, while we waited further developments. The English officials heard of these cases and showed great interest in them, and spoke in the highest terms of the way we treated the patients. On the second day two of these women took a turn for the better and are now well on the road toward recovery. The third one, though still very ill, shows some signs of improvement. The fact that the women are getting better proves that the disease was not pneumonic plague, for that is always fatal; but it was strange that three from the same party of travellers should all be suffering from broncho-pneumonia.

PLEA FOR A HOME.

The need for a mission home near the Hospital is daily increasing, and we give a few reasons why the securing of this property is becoming so urgent:

1st. This is the only available site near the Hospital.

2d. The terms on which the place is offered, *i. e.*, eight thousand rupees, may not continue. A contractor here, who owns half the houses in Jhansi, may buy it as a speculation.

3d. The native girls whom we employ to help in nursing our sick, are in great need of a place to live in. At present they keep their belongings in an outhouse and sleep in the Hospital ward, where when the beds are full, it is often hard to find room for them. Moreover, it is neither healthy for them nor for the patients. Although Christians, a home with a matron over them is getting to be an imperative and immediate need. There is a house on the proposed piece of land which might do very well for a home for the girls for the present. This matter is really a most serious problem.

4th. We can employ no new helpers, whom we greatly need, because we cannot house them.

5th. We are more and more hampered, as time goes on, that we are living too far away from the Hospital. It causes us endless anxiety in serious cases, and more inconveniences and hindrances than can be imagined by an outsider.

6th. The fitness of the place.

a. It is just across the road from the Hospital compound.

b. It is a large place, fifteen to twenty acres, and the home for the nurses could be at a safe distance from the road. This last is an important point, for young native girls need a good deal of protection.

c. The ground is high and with good drainage.

d. It has one fairly good well.

e. There are many outhouses which would be most useful to us in our work.

Lately several missionaries of wide experience have seen it, and all, with one voice, say that we should not let this opportunity pass.

We beg of you to consider this matter as *most urgent*. We feel that the growth of the work depends on your decision in regard to this land. We are at a standstill until we get it. We are praying that you will see our need and that God will raise up the money for it. The sum is not large, less than three thousand dollars. We feel sure that if Miss Doremus is given a chance to present somewhere this matter, some one would deem it a privilege to know and to give it.

We feel so convinced that this is the right thing and that action should not be delayed. Is it too much to ask?

(Signed) { Dr. Ernst. Dr. Fairbank.

IMPROVEMENT.

By Dr. Rose Fairbank.

YOU must congratulate me, for I am beginning to be able to talk to the patients, as I have not done before. When we begin the Dispensary work in the morning, all assemble in the waiting-room, and we have a song, a talk, and a prayer together. The Bible woman, Harriet, and I take turns in leading, and last week was the first time that I attempted praying in Hindustani in public. You cannot imagine how much courage it takes, but now that I have begun, it will grow easier and easier, until it will become my great joy. In talking to the patients singly it is not so hard, for I say the same thing over and over until I am sure they understand. They are such poor, ignorant people, filled with superstition. They like us to sing, for it is considered a work of merit to listen to song. They do not like the talking, for they say that we are wasting their time and they have to wait so long for their medicine. So it is necessary to make the talk very interesting, and I find if we put our soul into it, that they really listen quite eagerly. It is the same with audiences everywhere, is it not?

It is such a blessing that people, even those we do not know, love this place, pray for it, and give to it. But I always fall to wishing that I did know them all, as it would be easier to tell about the work.

JAPAN—YOKOHAMA.

SIGNIFICANT.

By Miss Helen Knox Strain.

THIS most interesting incident, which came in the experience of a Yokohama missionary, is not without significance. A city officer came to Mrs. Dearing to ask to be taught English and the Christian doctrine. Mrs. Dearing, of course, thought he wanted English more than Christianity, although he seemed to be much interested. He began to read one of the Gospels and asked most embarrassing questions, which she tried to answer the best she could. When they had finished one Gospel, she asked, "Do you want to go on?" "Oh, yes, indeed," was the answer, and thus four Gospels were finished. When she was preparing to go to the mountains, she said: "Our lessons will have to stop, but," she said, "I want to tell you that we who love our Lord have a way of talking to Him," and explained simply the blessings of prayer. When she closed by saying, "I am wondering if you would not like to begin to pray to our God," "I have begun," he answered,—"about two weeks ago." She continued: "Will you not accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour?" He said: "I have accepted Him." Of course, Mrs. Dearing was very much delighted. He was so sorry to discontinue the lessons that he asked her to allow him to study by correspondence, and so all summer he wrote her questions, touching on the most profound doctrinal subjects.

The next year she talked to him about temperance. He was willing to take the pledge, although a most crucial test would come that very night, when he would have to accept an invitation to a superior's house, and he knew wine would be served.

Often he came to her, telling how his conscience troubled him about one or another little thing, like losing his temper, showing that the man is growing day by day in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and being led by the Spirit to see the sins displeasing to his Father.

HOME NOTES.

WINTER WATCHWORDS.

RETURNING to burdens, which a circumscribed season crowds into a few working months, it is well to fortify one's self with fresh watchwords. Dr. Luther Gulick reminds us in a clarion note: "The winning of the world is a campaign, not a skirmish. Superficial loyalty, leads to thoughtless rush; deep abiding loyalty, leads to the holding of one's self steadily in hand, so that the maximum of efficiency may be secured. The second takes more and deeper consecration than the first. To give one's self for Christ in one enthusiastic onset is easy, compared to living steadily and strongly from year to year for Him."

Rev. Andrew Murray, of South Africa, so dear to many of us through his uplifting devotional books, gives us this thought to arouse interest in missions. Prominence is given to the pen and the press, in preparing, circulating and securing the study of mission literature. He says, forcibly:

"Information is the fuel without which the fire cannot burn. Fuel is not fire, and cannot of itself create fire; but where there is fire, fuel is indispensable to keep it burning, or to make it burn with greater intensity. An informed Church will be a transformed Church. Possibly one of the greatest factors in the development of missionary interest is the systematic study of missions.

"The torch we hold up for others illumines our own path. The Church is watching and working, and praying for immortal souls. Our representatives are out in the thickest of the battle. It is a struggle between the forces of life and death. Are we so swathed in our environment that we care for no tidings of this contest with heathenism and the forces of darkness? If we are in earnest to plant the Church of Christ in the ends of the earth, let us hear the report of progress, and pass it on.

"Ignorance is the source of weakness in missionary effort. Know, and you will believe. Know, and you will pray. Know, and you will help in the front rank.

"Another great means of awakening interest is that of personal influence exercised through organization. Much may be said of the power woman is already exercising, and must exercise still more largely, in receiving and passing on the wonderful love of Jesus Christ within the churches of the home lands, to train and prepare the future Church for giving itself to its work."

The Bishop of Lucknow (Dr. Clifford) adds his weight to "the question of *Christian unity*, one which touches us very specially and closely, because here we are watching over, not only the interests of our own English Church, but the interests of the rapidly increasing community of converts from Hinduism and Mohammedanism. The thought that Christians of England and Germany and Italy and America are in India gathering their converts day by day not into one great Catholic organization, but in twenty or thirty communities, which without sense or reason, merely perpetuate the miserable distinctions of European and American denominationalism, sometimes oppresses me like a nightmare. Christ prayed to His Divine Father on behalf of his people, 'That they may be one . . . that the world may believe that thou didst send Me.' And we, alas! ignoring the profound significance of that prayer, go on strengthening the forces of Division. Each convert we make at present may be said to add to those forces. Surely this ought not to be so.

"And if we are to do anything in this direction we must begin with ourselves. Let us beware of that sort of proud reserve which shrinks from interchange of thought with those whose views we suspect to be different from our own. It is often precisely because a man's views are different from our own that we shall get help and light from him. If a national Church is ever to grow up in India on truly Catholic lines, at once primitive and spiritual, loyal to the best historic tradition, and yet elastic and adapted to the genius of the people of this wonderful land, it is quite plain that we must get rid of a good deal of the prejudice and rigidity which is apt to belong to us as English Churchmen. God give us big hearts and broad minds, for that is what is needed for so great a task."

DO WE APPRECIATE THE SITUATION?

LETTERS recently received from our missionaries in Shanghai China, give details of the appallingly sudden death of Dr. Kerr from cholera, July 15th. She was apparently in her usual health, and

the night before, had accompanied our missionaries who were bidding farewell to Miss Harding, starting on a vacation tour at the close of her duties in our Bridgman Memorial School. The morning of the 15th, while engaged in her usual study of the Chinese language, she became ill, and when Dr. Reifsnyder was summoned she found a dangerous form of cholera had developed. Everything that loving ministration could do, to arrest the fatal end or alleviate the insupportable agony of this fell disease was attempted by our little company of missionaries, but in the afternoon Dr. Kerr's earthly service had closed.

It was found that Dr. Emily Garner had been attacked with the same malady, but her life was spared by a prompt removal to the hospital in the "foreign settlement," where the new method called "transfusion" could be applied, the one successful stimulus against collapse.

The grief and anxiety of our missionaries amid these painful scenes can hardly be estimated. In close contact with hundreds of Chinese who are daily succumbing to this fearful scourge, no wonder if a feeling of solemn awe and human helplessness settles upon them. No servants of the Lord who have voluntarily assumed the grave responsibility of planting Christ's banner in darkest heathendom, can dread the blessed summons, when they will be ushered into "the rest that remaineth," and they shall behold "the King in His glory." But even consecrated hearts are human, and death far from home and loved ones, can only be robbed of its sting when the power of God's love sustains and soothes. Little do we realize how much our prevailing ardent prayers may do for these soldiers of the Great Captain, who have pushed to the front, to do our work and sustain our banner. Follow them then, day by day with the sympathy which knows no stint, and the love which knows no bounds. S. D. D.

AN UPLIFT.

OUR President sends us this fragment of a recent letter, with the hope that many a one who loves and serves us may think over this gift as an incentive to a similar resolve.

"I made an arrangement some years ago that at my death one thousand dollars should be paid into your treasury, the income of which should be used towards the salary of a Bible reader to those poor women in the zenanas of India, or where you felt it would accomplish what I wish — the reading of God's blessed Book. As I am entered upon the last half of my eightieth year, I feel it would give me great pleasure to know that this money was already in the treasury of your Society accomplishing its mission even before I am called away. I would like this business to be settled as soon as it well can be, before anything should happen to me.'

This was written by a faithful friend of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, whose prayers and alms are gone up as a memorial before God. With such He is well pleased.

M. N. J.

THE LITTLE GREEN GOD.

ONE of the saddest things in Eastern travel is to note the ease with which so-called Christian tourists apologize for heathenism, and uphold its teachings as suitable for nations still in darkness. The above title is given to a little book, published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., which handles with skill this very subject, and satirizes it so unmercifully that we recommend it as furnishing unanswerable arguments for apologists.

IMPORTANT.

MANY of our contributors quite forget one of our most important notices, which, although so frequently in print, evidently is not generally read. We call attention to it in this place, hoping it will catch the eye of some who may not yet have seen it.

We would ask our friends to send checks payable to the "Woman's Union Missionary Society," as so many mistakes are made in transcribing the names of our treasurers. If possible, kindly avoid sending post-office orders, which are difficult to collect.

Particularly do we ask that contributions may not be sent to Mr. John Mason Knox, Treasurer, as the details of this Department do not come under his eye. A gift rightly sent carries with it an especial thanksgiving.

"Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe."—*Augustine.*

PEASANT CHRISTIANS AT HOSHUNGABAD, INDIA.

FOR MISSION BANDS.

JAIN TEMPLE.

By S. D. DOREMUS.

DID you ever hear of the Jains, or Jainas, as they are sometimes called? Let me tell you that they are one of the many sects in India who are partly Buddhist believing in no god, and partly Brahmin who worship many idols—a strange contradiction. But the principal point they make is that all animal life is sacred to them, and it is an unpardonable sin to kill anything that breathes. So they build shelters for crippled horses and mules, blind and maimed cats and dogs. I do not know what you think, but I often wondered if it were a blessing to preserve these wretched, suffering lives.

Our missionaries meet the Jains in the mountains, wearing veils for fear they should swallow any of the myriad insects flying about, and brushing the path on which they walk, for fear of treading on the swarm of worms and vermin with which the forests teem.

I have visited two temples of the Jains in Cawnpore and Calcutta, built and adorned by wealthy men, but it is of the last I shall tell you, as it is the largest and most resplendent, and in its wonderfully planned garden, looks like a brilliant gem in a costly setting. As we entered the ornamental enclosure this inscription caught my eye, and as I knew I never should remember it, I copied it at once: "Erected by Rai Buddree Dass Bahadoor, Mokeem to the Viceroy," whatever that may mean, but which he doubtless thought enhanced his glory. And well may the man want fame, for such a dazzling display of colored glass, mosaiced into pavements, fountains, and buildings, and costing fabulous sums, one never saw before.

"Marvellous! Wonderful!" were words we repeated at every turn to express our admiration and delight. Here was a flowerbed, framed in glass and porcelain ornamental figures of buds and blossoms, as dainty a bit of glory and design as one would wish to see. There, a tank for fish with mosaics of ingenious device, and wire baskets attached to hold at convenient distance the food to be protected from mice and rats.

Through a bewildering maze of color, with wide-open eyes, we sauntered past statues and

pyramids and shells to the high temple platform commanding a view only to be seen in India. Up the marble steps inlaid with glass of every shape and hue, we were told to walk in stocking feet, because to people who think life is sacred, shoes made of animals' skins were looked upon with holy horror. And would you believe it, when we were at the top, we who were called "infidels and Christian dogs" could only peer through glass doors to the marvels beyond. One rubbed one's eyes even then, wondering if Aladdin's enchanted palace was not a reality after all, for such glowing, shifting masses of color dancing on walls and pavements had never dawned on one's imagination. Chandeliers cut into prisms of varied shape, hung from the glass mosaic ceiling, catching every ray and sparkle of the setting sun. It was all so spotlessly clean, I forgot that it was anything but a bit of fairyland which might vanish with one wave of a conjurer's magic wand.

But no! they pointed to the idol's shrine, and although it only screened from view a black stone, it was curtained and padlocked as if it were indeed the deity of deities. At the right were the five platforms, covered with gold, where the priests conducted elaborate ceremonies at stated festivals, and a symbolic bell and hammer close at hand were covered with sacred cloths embroidered in red and gold. A motley crowd followed us with gaping mouths, muttering prayers to avert the evil eye, and here and there was a veiled woman with the Marwaris' dress peculiar to this sect, a mass of soft gauze seventy yards long, looking for all the world like a ruffled umbrella.

Before leaving the enclosure we were pressed to look at the visitors' pavilion of green glass where this lavish host gave his sumptuous feasts on gala days of the god. Such a curious medley of brocaded sofas and quaint pictures of men and women arrayed in costumes of real satin and silk, one never saw.

Do you know, as I passed out of that bewildering mass of Oriental splendor and thought of the mints of money sunk in this display, I wondered if that man, so lavish to his poor miserable apology for a god, had ever done anything for the starving millions of famine orphans throughout India, whom the Christians were trying to save from perishing, and of whom our missionaries had rescued hundreds, that they might teach them of the Good Shepherd who longs to gather them into His fold.

SUBRATAN'S WEDDING.

By ETTA COSTELLOW.

ONE of our girls in the Calcutta Orphanage, whose name is Subratan, expressed a wish to be married, so I made an arrangement for her. That probably sounds strange to you, but as yet, except in rare cases, it is not possible for girls in India to choose for themselves in this matter. Our Christian girls are always allowed, of course, to say whether they wish to be married or not, and it shows that progress is being made that so many do not care for it. Then, when she meets with the young man, she again has a chance to say whether she wishes to marry this particular young man or not, but the truth is they very rarely say no, in that case. We have a great many more applications for wives than we can fill.

The engagement was a little shorter than usual, as we generally allow three weeks for the publishing of the banns, but this man was a farmer and was anxious to do his planting, so we hurried things. They were married one morning at 8.30 in our little chapel here. The girls got up early and decorated the room and the hall very prettily with flowers and green, and I put two Easter lilies which I had in blossom just then on the table.

The bride looked very pretty in an inexpensive white silk jacket and a white mull *sari*, with colored velvet border, the bridegroom furnishing the clothes she was married in. I had prayer with her in my room, and she asked, too, that she might be kept in her new life. Then I took her down where the people were assembled. The service was in Bengali, of course, and was conducted by a Bengali preacher who knows our girls very well and is very kind to them.

After the service was over, the girls sang a hymn and they passed around native sweets, which are always furnished by the bridegroom. The principal guests and myself were decorated with garlands of white flowers. I took the bride out for a private farewell with the girls, and after she had wept out a last good-by on my shoulder she went away.

RECEIPTS *of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands from August 1 to August 31, 1902.*

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston.—Boston Br., Mrs. Henry Johnson, Treas., Mrs. M. G. Pigeon (East Derry, N. H.), to be invested as permanent fund, interest to aid toward salary of Bible Reader among Zenana women, India,	$1,000 00	
Lowell.—Y. W. C. Ass'n, per Dr. Goddard, for express on mission box,	50	
Total,		$1,000 50

CONNECTICUT.

Bristol.—Mrs. D. E. Mills, freight fund,	$2 00	
C. E. Soc. Baptist Ch., per Miss C. M. Beach,	4 13	
Total,		$6 13

NEW YORK.

Astoria.—Miss E. B. Smallwood,	$5 00	
Brooklyn.—Mrs. S. T. Dauchy,	20 00	
Cold Spring—"Hillside Band," Miss A. P. Wilson, Treas.: For Susan Moffat, M. A. M. School, Cawnpore, 5.00; freight fund, 3.00. Total,	8 00	
Corona.—Leverich Mem'l Band, Mrs. M. Le Forte, Treas., for Bible Reader, Japan,	15 00	
Ithaca—Cong. Ch., Mrs. C. K. Storms, 1.00; H. A. St. John, 5.00. Total,	6 00	
Mrs. E. R. Williams, 1.00; Mrs. H. A. St. John, 1.00; Miss J. L. Hardy, 3.00 for Century Fund,	5 00	
New York City.—Friends, for Evangelist work, Japan,	300 00	
Am. Tract Soc., Dr. G. L. Shearer, Sec'y, for Japan and China, Christian literature,	50 00	
Subscriptions to *Missionary Link:* Miss Smallwood, .50; Mrs. T. Weed, .50; Mrs. Dunkerly, .50; Mrs. Chas. P. Noyes, .50. Total,	2 00	
Syracuse.—Per Mrs. Robert Townsend, S.-S. Ref. Ch., 20.00; Ladies of Ref. Ch., 20.00; Mrs. J. Babcock and the Misses Gifford, 5.00; Mrs. A. C. Chase, 5.00; Mrs. Geo. Whedon, 2.00; Mrs. Hebbard, 2.00; Mrs. O. Soule, 2.00; for pupils in Yokohama School. Total,	56 00	
Total,		$467 00

NEW JERSEY.

Hackensack.—Mrs. W. Williams, for L. L. B. School, Calcutta,	$25 00	
Newark.—Mrs. M. Johnson,	1 00	
Total,		$26 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Germantown.—Miss E. A. Wells, freight fund,	$1 15	
Indiana.—Y. W. C. Ass'n, Normal School, per Miss M. Fair, for native medical helper, Jhansi,	30 00	
Philadelphia.—Miss Anna Wray, for teacher, Calcutta,	30 00	
Scranton.—Grace Ch., Ref. Epis., Mr. W. W. McCulloh, Treas., Y. P. S. C. E., for Jane, Cawnpore. Total,	10 00	
Total,		$71 15
Grand total,		$1,570 78

ELIZABETH B. STONE, *Ass't Treas.*

RECEIPTS OF THE PHILADELPHIA BRANCH FOR AUGUST, 1902.

Semi-annual interest on Mary A. Boardman Fund,	$30 00

MARY L. WATERALL, *Treas.*

DONATIONS FOR MISSION STATIONS.

Lowell, Mass.—Y. W. C. Ass'n, package for Calcutta, $10.05; package for Cawnpore, $6.10.
Medford, Mass.—Miss G. L. Lewis, package for Miss May.
Whigville, Conn.—Mrs. D. E. Mills, box for Cawnpore.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mrs. Calvin Patterson, set of Waverly Novels, 25 vols.; 6 School Classics, for Yokohama School.
New York City.—Miss E. Collins, package for Cawnpore.
Fanwood, N. J.—Mrs. H. S. Fullerton, box for Miss May.
Morristown, N. J.—Miss Vernon, package for Calcutta; Morristown Aux., box for Cawnpore, value $68.79.
Germantown, Pa.—Germantown Aux., 2 boxes for Calcutta, value $95.53.
Williamsport, Pa.—Mrs. Mudge, box for Miss Mudge, Calcutta.
Baltimore, Md.—Miss S. McClintock, package for Dr. Fairbank.

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New Jersey—Miss Stevens.
Henry Ward Beecher—
Ruthy B. Hutchinson— } Plymouth Foreign Missionary Society.
Mary Pruyn Memorial—Ladies in Albany.
Samuel Oakley Vander Poel—Mrs. S. Oakley Vander Poel.
Charlotte Otis Le Roy—Friends.
Emma W. Appleton—Mrs. William Appleton.
Mrs. Bela Mitchell—Mrs. Bela Mitchell.
The American—A Friend.
The White Memorial—Medical Mission Band, Baltimore.
E. Cornelia Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.
Drusilla Dorcas Memorial—A Friend in Boston.
Mrs. John D. Richardson Memorial—Legacy.
S. E. and H. P. Warner Memorial.
Frances C. I. Greenough—Mrs. Abel Stevens.
Emeline C. Buck—Mrs. Buck.
Elizabeth W. Wyckoff—
Elizabeth W. Clark— } Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
Jane Alexander Milligan—Mrs. John Story Gulick.
"Martha Memorial"—A Friend.
Mills Seminary—"Tolman Band," California.
Maria N. Johnson—A Friend.
"In Memoriam"—A Sister.
Maria S. Norris— { Miss Norris. Mr. Wm. M. Norris.
Mrs. Sarah Willing Spotswood Memorial—By her Daughters.
John B. Spotswood—Miss Anne R. Spotswood.
A. B. C. Bed—By Friends.
Sarah A. Wakeman Memorial—A Friend.
In Memoriam—A Friend.
Ellen Logan Smith—By her Mother.
Helen E. Brown—Shut-in Society.
Anna Corilla Yeomans— { Mr. George G. Yeomans. Mrs. Anna Yeomans Harris. Miss Elizabeth L. Yeomans.
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ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES.

Missionaries in India:
CALCUTTA: Doremus Zenana Home, 140 Dharamtala Street, and Orphanage, 39 Elliott Road.
ALLAHABAD: 3 South Road.
CAWNPORE: Woman's Union Mission.
JHANSI: Mary S. Ackerman-Hoyt Hospital.

China:
SHANGHAI: Medical Missionaries, Margaret Williamson Hospital, West Gate.
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